Little Mary Louise Peach-which is not exactly her name, but near enough -went away for the summer a long time ago, and bereft the block in which she lives of its sunshine. Those who know her well and those who know her only to smile to, have been wonder-

ing when she will return. Around a big city like Washington one finds many things of interest, but none of more human interest than city blocks themselves, with their rows of houses and occupants. Each block seems to have an individuality all its own. Its people, although they may not "formally" know each other, really do, of course. Even in a big city "folks"

So, consciously or unconsciously, many people on the square in question are wondering when the little bobbed-haired girl will come back. One "wouldbe poet"—the world is so full of near-poets that no block is free from one or poets that no block is tree from one or more—has even gone so far as to indite a few verses on the subject.

In prose one would say: "Little Miss Peach is away for the summer." But when one writes "poetry" the above statement becomes something like this:

Where has little Mary gone, She who was so sweet, She who was the pretty one Of our block and street? Who has taken her away? Who the road can show we must take to find her now, Where the breezes blow? All the sunshine of the day,

And the summer flowers, Vanished when she went away From this town of our; Happy laugh and shining bate, Twinkling feet and hands, All have gone away off there To the lucky lands.

To the lucky lands she's gone, Where her sunny head Wakes the lucky folks at dawn From their lucky bed; Where the music of her voice And her gentle ways Makes the lucky folks rejoice Through the summer days. When will little Mary come-She who is so sweet— And be again the pretty one Of our block and street? ummer days that slowly end, Bright leaves floating down, hey will bring our sunny friend Back to Lucky Town!

really appreciate Chesapeake Beach you must like crabs. They serve them at Chesapeake Beach for breakfast, lunch and dinner; they catch them at all hours, and they eat them at all hours; it even is said they serve them for dessert. When you go to Chesapeake Beach you've just got to eat

If you don't-well, take warning from the sad tale of the man who went



rabs. makes him ashamed of his kind.
One slant at a young woman friend of his reading Maeterlinck while she ate crab meat drove him far away, never to return.

His friends who entertained him at the Beach laid themselves out to be nice to him. They secured the attentions of two pretty young things all for his particular entertainment, and tried their best to make him feel at home. He got along famously with the He got along famously with the One of them was tall and slim and the other was short and chunky, but both of them talked the same way. but both of them talked the same way.

"Oh, I just love bathing, don't you?"

Miss Tallness would say.

"Oh, I adore it" would say Miss
Chunky. "Don't you?"

Whereupon the man would aver he
did, too. It was quite a nice party.

"I'm sort o' getting hungry," remarked the man who doesn't like
crabs.

cach guest's chair. All one had to do
to bring them into action was to turn
one's head slightly. They were very
convenient as well as novel.

When the man who doesn't like crabs
caught sight of the nice boiled ham
he thought he was safe. But he had
not reckoned on his host. Nor on Miss
Chunky, or Miss Tallness.

"Oh, won't you have some of this
nice crab meat?" asked Miss Chunky.

"I think I'll take some of this nice
ham, if you don't mind," replied the
man, helping himself.

"Come on, now, have a little of this
nice crab meat," coaxed his host.

"This ham is deliclous," replied the
man, politely ignoring the proffered
crabs. It is a rather hard job ignoring a host's offer of his main dish, but
the man accomplished the feat quite
skillfully, for the time being.

In the meantime active warfare had
been declared by the two girls and
the host on the mobilized crabs. A
great enveloping movement took place,
in which crab after crab went down.
But still their solid mass remained unbroken. The man who hates crabs
could hardly see a dent in the dish,
And just when he thought he saw the
pile slightly diminishing—in came reinforcements from the kitchen.

There was no hope.

"I don't believe you like crabs." suddenly remarked Miss Chunky.

Everybody looked at him suspiciously.

"Don't like crabs:" echoed Miss Tallness.

The old physician is an enthusiastic

"Don't like crabs!" echoed Miss Tall-

At last the truth was out. He didn't proud, newly made father was impanished by the control of t as the host, Miss Chunky and Miss Tailness looked at the villain in mute astonishment that individual could stand the strain no longer. Better eat a crab than be called "crabbed."

He held out his plate.

"I'll try one," he said.
Shouts of victory went up around the board.
"Now you're talking!" said Miss Chunky.

Those who estimate their own worth by self-made measures often are cha-grined to find how others, not so ap-preciative, measure them. An instance

ust whipped it."
And the lady is still wondering—.

The southwest corner of Franklin Park was the scene, several weeks ago, of a comedy whose cast of characters included one small gray kitten up a

tree, a man with a long curtain pole and an audience. The kitten was obstinate and would not come down the pole, the man was obdurate and insisted that it should and would, and the audience was ap-

preciative.

At the proper time in the action of the comedy a hero appeared upon the scene and suggested that the man, instead of trying to coax the kitten out of the tree, where it had been all night, should prod, punch and otherwise jostle it down.

The suggestion was acted upon, the cat was poked out of the tree, the man went away with his kitten under one arm and his curtain pole under the other, the audience departed and the park was left to darkness and the park policemen. preclative.

the sad tale of the man who went down there one day last week. He hates crabs. He detests them. He doesn't like the looks of the things, to begin with and as for eating them, he'd as soon eat pickled sea serpent and be done with it. The sight of men and women — especially women — eating

| All this was days ago. But lnst week, on one of the few sunshiny afternoons, the man who had suggested that the kitten be punched out of the tree found himself once more in the southwest corner of Franklin Park. He was watching the street cars go by, a most harmless and innocent amusement, when a beautiful specimen of maltese cat stepped out from behind some bushes and said: "Mee-yow."

"Mee-yow."

"Why, hello, kitty. Say, aren't you the same chap who was up a tree here one day chasing birds? Must have agreed with you. You're mighty fat."

Indeed, it was a fat cat which climbed upon the bench and proceeded to make upon the bench and proceeded to make itself at home. It doesn't take long for a kitten to become a cat, and the maltese before him had done just that very stunt since the last time the man had seen it.

had seen it.

Just then a woman came walking across the grass.

"Is that your cat?" she asked.

"Never saw him but once before in my life, madam. He's a very nice looking cat. So healthy looking."

"Isn't he sweet? Oh, you fat rascal!"

At this the cat jumped down from the bench and made off across the grass. The man felt like running himself, but was deterred by the appearance of the park policeman, rapidly rounding the hedge.

"And he was such a nice looking cat," sighed the lady.



Fantastic Fish.

marked the man who doesn't like crabs.

"Now you're showing your manly qualities," declared Miss Chunky.

"They have the most adorable crabs down here, and I just love them. Every time I come down here I just ate crabs, and eat 'em and eat 'em."

"Oh, I love crabs." adored Miss Tallness. The smallest perfectly organized ness.
"You can have my share," said the man who doesn't like 'em, and detests 'em and just hates 'em.
"Why, don't you like crabs? How fignest order of piscatorial creatures It should be remembered that the man who doesn't like 'em, and detests 'em and just hates 'em.

"Why, don't you like crabs? How funny!"

It had begun already.

The meal they all sat down to was really a fine repast. There was ham, and mashed potatoes, and bread and butter, and little pickles, and all sorts of things to make the mouth water. And there was a dish of crabs.

It was a monumental dish of crabs.

It was a monumental dish of crabs.

They were there by the dozens. No one was so hardy as to attempt to count them. It was enough to try to eat them.

For napkins there were large, clean bath towels, draped over the back of each guest's chair. All one had to do to bring them into action was to turn one's head slightly. They were very around.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. The table looked at the crab atheist, this infidel and alien in Chesapeake While on his way home from a fishing The old physician is an enthusiastic

grined to find how others, not so appreciative, measure them. An instance occurred the other day in a large office down town. In this office many men are away on their vacations and those left behind either had their turns at country or seashore resorts or are contemplating the same.

Now it happens that a milkman daily brings his wares to those in the office who have a fondness for the lacteal fluid. His trade with the men is of surprising volume—or rather, measure But since so many are on vacations, it has fallen off a bit of late.

"Has vacation time affected your business up here?" asked one busy man, the other morning.

"Well, you'd be surprised, sir; but almost five gallons of my customers are away this week," innocently replied the milkman.

*

The wife of the man who found his office mates measured by the gallon recently had an experience with a soda fountain boy in which milk played an important part.

She bought one of those confections surmounted with a billowy layer of whipped cream. To the feminine taste, at least, it was really delightful and was quite as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. The pleased lady could not help expressing her delight to the young fellow behind the counter.

"This cream is very good," she said. "It ought to be," replied the boy." If Just whipped it."

And the lady is still wondering—...

And the lady is still wondering—...

"Oh, my, yes!"
"And would make Beth the best of musbands?"

husbands?"
"Yes, indeed!"
"In the land of reason then, Betty
Rhodes, knowing Beth's foolishness
about this Harold Knight and our disabout this Harold Knight and our dis-approval of him, why are you taking him in as a boarder?"
"Why—" Mrs. Betty turned swiftly to the oven, shifted the pies, closed the door gently. "Why," she continued,



opped. "Tom," she exclaimed, "I've settled "Tom," she exclaimed, "I've settled an old score."

"You have! I wish I could settle—."

"Now, no nonsense! I want to talk. Tom, you haven't forgotten Sport, have you? Of course not!" Mrs. Betty's eyes softened. "You were fond of him. Well, Tom, the ending of the old fellow. coupled with the supreme selfishness my beloved young friend, Mr. Knight, displayed at dinner, served as an eye opener for Beth Rushton tonight." Mrs. Betty paused, impressively. "So, that's why you took him in! I wondered!"

"Well you need!" towa! I take! You

"So. that's why you took him in! I wondered!"

"Well, you needn't have! I think I've put a fine wedge in his chances with Beth, too. She loves animals, and you should have seen the look with which she scorched him when he smiled as though a dog were nothing! She's out with Billy now, Tom. Can you think of anything that would be nicer than the marriage of those two dears?"

"You bet I can! Betty—"

"O-h—" groaned Mrs. Betty, "can't I say anything, Tom Sanford, without you—Oh you're so foolish! My, aren't the evenings getting chilly?" With a shiver Mrs. Betty went her way hurriedly.

Tom watched her until the shadows swallowed her up. Then he smiled. "Anyway," he reflected. "for the first time in history she didn't voice her disapproval of second marriages. I wonder if things are coming my way at last—such a big last! I wonder!"

of the table, with a commendable air of indifference, though his nice gray eyes shot storm signals down on to the table, Billy Prince awaited the bringing on of dinner. This evening Mrs. Betty personally ON LONG AUTO TOUR

C. W. Shannon and Party Reach Capital, Then Turn Westward.

Spattered with mud from radiator to rear axle a party of bronzed motorists pulled into the National Capital last Sunday morning and after spending a few days sightseeing left Thursday aflame with indignation, while Beth made a pretty picture of perplexity.

And Mrs. Betty, who had been so imposed upon! Why, she retained her customary sweetness—until the last boarder disappeared. Then her smiling face changed, hardened.

"Dear little Harold!" She muttered.

"And if I don't get wedge in—poor—little—Beth!"

An hour later she strolled in friendly fashion into the parlor. Young morning or Oklahoma. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shannon and two "And if I don't get wedge in—poor—little—Beth!"

An hour later she strolled in friend-ly fashion into the parlor. Young Knight was in close attendance upon Beth, who appeared a trifle doubtful, her glance occasionally wandering out to the reception hall, where Billy Prince talked with the extremely good looking Means. Kan. They were making the trip in C. W. Shannon's big "Six" Paige touring car and up to the time of their arrival in this city has covered exactly 2,500 miles since leaving Oklahoma, August 4. Mr. C. W. Shannon is state geologist for Oklahoma.

After leaving Norman, Okla, they motored to Kansas City, St. Louis. Indian to the parlor of the control of the contr

to the reception hall, where Billy tored to Kansas City, St. Louis, Indian-Prince talked with the extremely good looking Miss Bellows. tored to Kansas City, St. Louis, Indian-apolls, Columbus, Wheeling, Philadel-phia and New York. From the Metro phia and New York. From the Metropolitan city they returned down the Jersey coast to Atlantic City, later going
to Philadelphia and thence to this city,
via Wilmington and Baltimore. From
here they continued their western journey via Frederick, Hagerstown, Cumberland and Wheeling, from which place
they followed the same route as on the
eastern run.

"YOU HAD SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING HIM OUT OF THE WAY."

"The Knights and my folks were neighbors for years, you see. I know Hariold so well! I watched him grow up. Dear little Harold? So, when he came to me, complaining of the wearisomeness of hotel life, begging to be taken in, could I turn him down, Mrs. Rushton? Could I, really?"

Mrs. Betty's eyes were pathetic in their innocent wistfulness.

But they did not impress Mrs. Rushton. "It's the same old story, Betty Rhodes," she snorted, "no matter who came to you with a tale of wee, you were such a rogue?"

Laughier reminiscent, her breath befullity of arguing with the small widow.

Left alone, Mrs. Betty's demure smile was evolving into a rippling laugh when a shadow darkened her window. "So—at it again!" said Tom Sanford. looking in at her. "Are you always laughing, Betty?"

"Laughter is the spice of life, my

"Laughter is the spice of life, my

"Laughter is the spice of life, my

"So—at little Bingo!" she murmured. "As for the Way." So meany acts of humor! And then, when you assert nrun. The same old story, Betty pays excuse to get in on the ground floor with Beth."

Mrs. Rushton flounced out of the kitchen, her shrug plainly denoting the full widow.

Left alone, Mrs. Betty's demure smile was evolving into a rippling laugh when a shadow darkened her window. "So—at it again!" said Tom Sanford. looking in at her. "Are you always laughter is the spice of life, my

-By Webster.

GREAT SCOTT, MAN .

New York Traffic Cops Are Going to Wear 'Em.

TOM WATCHED HER UNTIL THE SHADOWS SWALLOWED HER UP.

ton frankly glared. At the other end

attended to the serving of her guests. And she had her hands full, for never

And she had her hands full, for never in the history of her boarding house had a boarder required the enormous amount of waiting on Harold Knight did. From the moment the beautifully browned chicken appeared until the last crumb of the flaky apple pie disappeared he appeared to forget the existence of Beth Rushton, and in his avid desire to receive the best of everything selfishly demanded Mrs. Betty's almost undivided attention. Indeed, from first course to last Mr. Knight thrillingly enacted the role of a pampered youth expecting attention as a

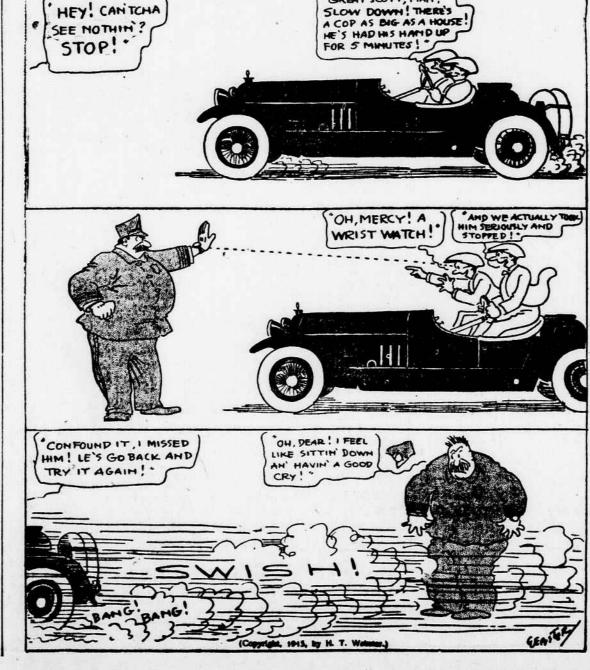
pered youth expecting attention as a

right.

When dinner was ended and the guests filed out of the room Mrs. Rushton's usually placid countenance was aflame with indignation, while Beth

looking Miss Bellows.

Mrs. Betty picked up Beth's terrier,
Billy's gift, and dropped into a chair
by his mistress.







Lower: Land yacht with passengers aboard. '

ECTURES on military matters by officers of the regular army will be a feature of the instruction course of both officers and men of the National Guard of the District of Columbia during the ensuing drill season. It is explained the army on duty in Washington will tional Guard drill hall during the year and lecture to the officers and men. There will not be too many lectures, it

is pointed out, not enough to be The drill schedule for the year now s being worked out by Maj. Joseph C. Castner, U. S. A., adjutant general, District of Columbia Militia, and Capt. Horace P. Hobbs, United States Army, inspector-instructor assigned to the local National Guard. It will be a pro-gressive scheme of instruction for the work. officers and men.

convention Hall will give the men plenty of room for drill purposes, and, for the lectures will provide room enough for all of the officers and men of the origade.

Steps looking toward the construction of a swimming pool in the new armory on L street have been initiated. One estimate has been received, but it has been declared too high, and others are being sought. The first estimate provided for elaborate tiling for the basin, but the officers say that a cement tank will serve the purpose just as well. As soon as a reasonable estimate is received the collection of funds for the construction of the tank will be begun. be begun.

The members of the local National The members of the local National Guard did not get their usual rest from drills this year. Assemblies are being held on the regular drill nights, but the matter of drills for the commands is optional with the organization commanders. Heretofore it has been the practice to suspend drills and assemblies immediately after camp until October.

It is probable that next year the target range of the National Guard of the District of Columbia will be located at Belvoir, Va., the regular army camp grounds. Should Gen. Harvey be successful in obtaining this site for a range the men will be able to have week-end camps, and the naval militia practice vessel is to be used in the transportation of the troops to and from the grounds. The Congress Heights range then would be abandoned.

Two troops of the regular cavalry from Fort Myer, Va., are now camped on the Congress Heights riffe range of the District Guard. The troops are holding their regular target practice.

Mrs. Young, wife of Col. Glendie B. Young, commanding the new 3d In-fantry, N. G. D. C. who was operated on recently, is improving. The division of militia affairs of the

the War Department has issued the following bulletin to militia organizations:

"Reports have reached this office, through inspector instructors, that complaints have been made to them by several organization commanders that the annual armory and field inspection reports of their organizations have not been referred to them. These reports should not only be referred to them, but should be filed with the official records of these organizations, and in the

ords of these organizations, and in the future will be called for by inspector

nstructors making subsequent inspec-

instructors making subsequent inspections.

"Similar reports have been received that the bulletins issued from this office are not issued. This is a defect which should be corrected by the adjutants general, since the bulletins issued from the division of militia affairs very often contain valuable information concerning troops. One bulletin should be on file in the office of each organization.

"Under date of August 20, the Secretary of War at the request of a member of the National Rifle Association modified circular No. 17, division of militia affairs, 1914, in so far as paragraph 7 (a) is concerned. States which have not yet finished their rifle practice may incur obligations for the ordinary expenses of teams attending interstate rifle competitions, but federal funds will be available only after it has been shown by proper records that said paragraph is fulfilled by the end of the target season. If this be not established to the satisfaction of the War Department, federal funds will not be available,"



sion for some time, and the way things are moving it looks as if it will be winter before the repairs are made. The battalion has been waiting for the installation of a new attachment to the engines of the vessel, but there has been some delay in letting the contract and getting the contractors to go to work. However, it is pointed out that if the local militiamen are successful in having the proper kind of successful in the proper kind of successful part pu

having the proper kind of new part put on the engine they will have no more trouble.

The small boats of the organization have all been thoroughly overhauled, and are in prime condition. They will be used continuously until the river fills with ice and it becomes necessary to have them hauled out of the same to have them hauled out of the water at the Washington navy yard for the winter.

Ensign Charles S. O'Connor has been detached from the 2d Division, and placed in command of the 3d Division. Ensign Wilbert E. Locklin has been relieved of command of the 3d Divi-sion and placed on the detached list.

Two petty officers of the District Naval Militia have been ordered to the Marine Militia have been ordered to the Marine Corps rifle range at Winthrop, Md., for the purpose of taking the instruction course in rifle practice. They are J. C. Eller, quartermaster, second class, of the 2d Division, and C. F. Flynn, gunner's mate, second class, of the 1st Division.

ner's mate, second class, of the 1st Division.

They were ordered to report to the commandant of the Washington navy yard at 9 a m. yesterday, who provided transportation for them to the range, which is near Indian Head. Upon arrival at the Winthrop range they reported to the marine officer in command. They will remain for fifteen days.

mand. They will remain for inteendays.

When they return these petty officers will be used in instrucing the other members of the battalion in the naval course of rifle practice.



Mrs. Court Wood, president of the Federation of Woman's Clubs of the District, is to speak at a meeting of the Petworth Woman's Club Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the Methodist Church

The weekly meeting of the Paramont Dramatic Club was held Monday evening at its clubrooms, 6th street and Maryland avenue southwest. Chairman Marshall presided. Several sketches and plays, which are to be presented in the near future, for charitable purposes, are now being rehearsed by the club. Arrangements are being made to hold a series of socials and entertainments for club members, and the formation of a debating society, to compete with other clubs of the city, is also being contemplated. The next meeting of the club is to be held September 13.

GOOD REASON.



Art Editor—"Why have you put sany pin holes in these jokes?"

Artist—"So that I could see through them, sir."

Art Editor—"Oh, very farsighted, but I fail to see the point, young man, so far as your illustrations are con-cerned."

"GYPSY VAN" PROCEEDING ACROSS CONTINENT. MOTOR CAR FITTED FOR LONG JOURNEY

Roland E. Conklin, With His Family, Crossing Continent in "Land Yacht."

Vehicle Combines the Comforts of Home and Ample Facilities for Transportation.

An unique type of motor vehicle is now en route from New York city to San Francisco. This motor, which the owner calls a "gypsy van." or, as it might more properly be called, a motor land yacht, is owned by Roland E. Conklin of New York and Huntington, L. I., who is making the transconti-nental trip with his family.

Mr. Conklin, who is well known in financial circles, decided last spring to visit the Panama-Pacific exposition, and conceived the idea of making the trip in an automobile which would provide living as well as traveling facilities. His plan was to design a car that would have every comfort and necessity provided by a private Pullman, and yet be able to travel over any ordinary country road. Instead of being obliged to lay up in the noisy, smoky terminal of a railroad yard, it could stop and camp by a wooded stream over night or in the corner of a stream over night or in the corner of a green pasture. As speed was to be no special object, a motor of sixty horse-power could be used, specially geared for power instead of speed, so that it could climb any mountain grade. Canvas strips must be provided for going over sand, and as there might be unbridged streams to be crossed, it must carry a knockdown portable bridge, and a winch that could be operated by the motor, strong enough to pull the car out of a mud hole or ditch if it should be so unfortunate as to get in one.

Of Motor Omnibus Type. The hody of this land vacht is mount-

ed on a truck chassis, of the motor omnibus type, with such changes and additions as were necessary to meet the sions of the body are twenty-one feet in length, seven and one-half feet wide and six and one-half feet high. It is divided into three compartments. and on top there is a full-sized deck, fitted with a big folding leather top and Jiffe side curtains. The body has forty-four good sized windows, fitted with glass sash, shades and copper wire screens. Screen doors are provided, in addition to the regular doors. Each entrance has folding steps, operating automatically with the doors. The forward compartment, five feet

The forward compartment, five feet in length, contains the steering wheel, controlling levers, driver's seat and gasoline tank. It also has two berths for the crew, which raise into the ceiling when not in use. The front entrance leads from the right side into the driver's compartment. The other is at the back and opens into the rear compartment, which is six feet in length and finished in white enamel. A toilet is partitioned off and a shower trict of Columbia, out of commission, the organization has had to fall back on its small boats for practice work. On drill nights and almost every Sunday the steam launches and motor boats, with whaleboats filled with sailors in tow proceed up the river above the Aqueduct bridge, where they go through the small boat evolutions.

The Slyvia has been out of commission for some time, and the way things are moving it looks as if it will be mission for some time, and the way things are moving it looks as if it will be mission. in length, contains the steering wheel,

Center Compartment Furnishings.

The center compartment is ten feet in length and contains a luxurious couch, convertible into a bed; two are arranged cross for sleeping, this compartment is curtained off, so that each of the six beds or berths has the same privacy as a Pullman sleeper berth. Each also has its own electric reading lights, one at either end, and special arrangements either end, and special arrangements for hanging clothes. At the head of each berth is provided an innovation locker containing separate drawers for the various articles of linen, underciothing, etc., and having room for an extra suit or dress. The comforts and conveniences of these berths, it is claimed, are greater than those of a railway Pullman berth.

This compartment also contains a writing desk stocked with "gypsy van" paper and writing utensils. Beneath is a small, well chosen library, with guide books, maps, etc., and another shelf contains cameras and films. A Victrola stands in one corner, with an ample case of the latest records.

Means of Access to Upper Deck.

Means of Access to Upper Deck. Folding steps used in reaching the up-

per deck are convertible into a tea table or card table, and there is also a folding dining table, eight by two feet, for this compartment, which can be stored away against the ceiling of the rear compartment. The floors are of pressed cork. The unusual size of the Gypsy necessitated special study in the matter of color. The exterior being largely veneered with wood, a soft tan stain has been used which shows the grain of the ash. The chassis is a quiet gray green. This combination gives the car the tones of the landscape, the main part being like the road, and the balance copying the roadside grass.

Since it is desirable that the car should

Since it is desirable that the car should look fresh and inviting inside, even after a long day's run, the paneling which forms the walls and ceiling is stained wn gray, which brings out the rich grain of the wood. All the fittings follow this note, the upholstery and valances being of gray Spanish linen with a design in the mellow greens, blues and reds of old tapestry. The silk curtains harmonize with the general scheme, preserving the restful effect of the interior.

On the upper deck, which is reached

the interior.

On the upper deck, which is reached from an inside stairway leading from the rear compartment, are large lockers for guns, fishing tackle and commissary supplies sufficient for two weeks, tanks for hot and cold water, several folding chairs and divans with mattresses, for outdoor sleeping. One locker contains a motor cycle, which may readily be lifted out and lowered to the ground by means of a crane or dayit.

Camping Outfit Complete.

One of the most interesting features of this remarkable car is its easy arrangements for converting it into a veritable camp when the owner wants to stop for the night or for fishing or to stop for the night or for fishing or shooting. This is done by raising the top and side curtains for the upper deck, and letting out awnings against either side, which when lowered protect the main body from sun and light rains without the closing of windows. This upper deck is also made mosquitoproof. When stopping for camp, a flag waves at the head and a powerful searchlight can rotate in every direction.

tion.
Other novel features consist of a water filter connected with the ice box which provides and pure drinking water. The elect of the pure is very complete and the pure is very complete.

davit.